



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS, AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1804.

ESSAYS.

ON PROFANE CONVERSATION.

OF all the vices attached to mankind, I know of none more prevalent, and at the same time so little to be excused as that of swearing and profaneness, especially when we find it prevailing in those whose situation in life, opportunities of improvement, and knowledge of what is right and wrong, would lead us to expect better things from them.

It is not like many other vices to be extenuated by the assertion that there is an advantage attending it, or that it is an addition to the appearance of a gentleman; it is entirely without excuse, and is only a shameful trick, easily acquired, and with difficulty laid aside; it is an offence to the ear of any person who has any reverence for serious things; and often severely wounds the feelings of those, in whose presence it is used; and we may with propriety say, that he is no gentleman, who makes it a part of his conversation.

Purity of conversation, ever has been, and ever will be, the prominent feature in a gentleman, and whoever lays claim to the character must by all the means in his power, endeavor to attain it; and there is no better method of accomplishing it, than by endeavouring to recollect ourselves, before we give vent to our feelings. A man who is in the habit of talking extremely fast, will let many things escape him, which, in his cooler moments of reflection, he will severely chastise himself for.

I have been insensibly led into these reflections, by observing the great degree of profaneness which prevails among the children of the present day. In walking the streets, we are frequently shocked at hearing the oaths and imprecations of those who are so young, as to be scarce able to articulate them plainly; and were we to judge of their education at home, from their conduct abroad, we should reasonably suppose that they heard no other conversation there.

In such cases the blame is not to be attached so much to the children as the parents; and we do presume, they hear such language in the family, or they would not in so short a time become such adepts at it.

They are an imitative set of beings, and it is of the highest importance they should have good examples set before them. It is also essential that we should choose for them proper companions, as it is a just observation, that "one bad sheep will spoil a whole flock." If we can, as soon as our children are capable of feeling the want of society, associate them with those, whose manners are pleasing, and whose morals are good, we shall soon see them acquire such a fondness for their company, as to be in very little danger of their ever wishing to quit them; they will naturally feel a laudable degree of superiority over those whose conduct is governed by vice and profaneness, and be ashamed to be found in their company.—Parents should also endeavor to point out to their children, the difference between the two classes, and to inform them of the high estimation in which those are held, who, by an amiable conduct, endeavour to merit the esteem of those with whom they are connected.—Was this method to be pursued, we should not have so frequent occasion to blame the parents for the vices of their children, as we have at present.

[*Bost. Mag.*

S—H—

ON WIT.

"True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine,
That boasts two powers in one
To cut as well as shine."

THOSE pleasing sallies of wit, that dignify the more excursive mind, afford the most distinguished zest, to every social hour. Those brilliant repartees, that flow in spontaneous luxuriance from a mind of refinement when adorned by purity of thought, must ever captivate and amuse the offspring of taste, erudition, and genius. When they are decked in the pleasing mantle of urbanity, they ever delight, but when dictated by malicious invective they ever disgust. Although modesty, the most lovely flower in the garden of the graces, often droops its head, overcome by the temporary and vociferous blasts of unpolished criticisms, yet soon will it dethrone the usurpations of impertinence and shine with more resplendent lustre.

How beautiful is the smile of innocent vivacity and wit, when it graces the female character; how much greater splendor it adds to their native charms? How powerfully it affects the susceptible breast of juvenility and how quickly it nurtures the tender passion of love. Amelia possesses a brilliancy of fancy surpassed by none of her sex. Her charming sallies of wit, are clothed in such beautiful simplicity, engaging urbanity and unaffected delicacy, that they ever improve the heart, refine the understanding and excite the genuine emanations of love and admiration.

Spurning the arts of nefarious dissimulation, and disregarding the imperious voice of fashion, or the fertile opinions of the undiscerning, she displays her modest wit in all its native luxuriance, as it flows from a mind truly amiable and sentimental. Youth are charmed with her lovely character, and age behold with pleasure her rising worth.

Although quickness of fancy, when combined with sentiment, is so truly delightful, yet like every other source of pleasure that sweetens the cup of existence, it is too often prostituted by the fondlings of dulness, insipidity and ignorance. Every species of sarcastic railery, every speech that can possibly stab the bosom of tender sensibility, or disgust the delicate ear of modesty, are pronounced the genuine effusions of wit, by those who have never enjoyed the sweets of science, and imbibed the splendid polish of refined society. But, alas! they greatly err, for true wit is ever united with urbanity, good nature and virtue, and honest satire never wounds but with a benevolent desire to amend. The tinselled glare of false wit, fascinates the vanity of youth to enter the lists on every trivial occasion, and to aspire to the victor's crown, though often times contrary to the admirable dictates of honesty and integrity. When we contemplate the rustic clown, or conceited pedant, directing their nonsensical artillery of malicious witticism against characters greatly superior to them, both in genius and in years, it must even excite in the mind of penetration, the mingled sensations of pity and disgust. Eugenio possesses some luxuriance of fancy, and has cultivated the abstruser parts of sci-

ence with indefatigable assiduity, yet still he disgusts in every society, and is esteemed a trifling buffoon rather than a youth of erudition and genius. Estranged from the refinement of society, and the tender assiduities of reciprocal friendship, he affects to despise mankind; and to afford a more disgusting colouring to his character, he imagines himself to be the most brilliant wit of the present age. O wit where are thy votaries. If at any time he is compelled to relinquish his pedantic cell and mingle with polished society, he is such an alien to the dictates of politeness, that he directs all his ineffectual arrows of satire and groveling ribaldry, indiscriminately against every character.

Had he united study with amusement, he might have been a very agreeable associate and pleasing wit, but unhappily his visionary distaste for the sweets of enlivening converse, has entirely converted him into a despicable misanthrope and arrogant pedant.

Unhappily, in the attic entertainments of this modern and enlightened period, a pert vivacious quickness extorts the triumphs due to sense; a sarcastic consciousness usurps the empire of honest satire, and nonsensical ribaldry finds, in the applause of impertinent fools and illiterate knaves, a too liberal reward for the abuse of reason and the injury of truth.

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set,
Thus want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pains us less when exquisitely keen."

ALBERT.

HISTORY.

[From Carr's *Stranger in France*.]

FROM the grand national library, I went with a party to the military review of all the regiments in Paris, and its suburbs by the first consul, in the Palace de Carousel, the gates and railing, of which he has raised for this purpose. We were introduced into the apartments of general Duroc, the governor of the palace, which were upon the ground floor of the Thulleries and which afforded, us an uninterrupted view of the whole of the superb military spectacle. A little before twelve o'clock, all the regiments of horse and foot, about 7000 men had formed the line, when the consular regiment entered preceded by their fine band, and the tambour major, who was dressed in great magnificence. This man is remarked in Paris for his symmetry and manly beauty. The cream coloured charger of Bonaparte, upon which, "laboring for destiny he has often made dreadful way in the field of battle," next passed us led by grooms in splendid liveries of green and gold, to the grand entrance. As the clock struck 12, the first consul, surrounded by a body of the consular guard, appeared and mounted. He immediately rode off in full speed, to the gal-

lery of the Louvre, followed by his favourite generals, superbly attired, mounted upon chargers very richly caparisoned. My eyes, aided by a good opera-glass, were fixed upon the first consul. I beheld before me a man whose renown is sounded through the remotest regions of the earth and whose exploits have been united by the worshippers of favored heroism to the conqueror of Darius. His features are small and meagre. His countenance is melancholy, cold and desperate. His nose is aquiline. His eyes are dark, fiery, and full of genius. His hair, which he wears cropped and without powder, is black. His figure is small, but very muscular. He wore a blue coat, with broad white facings and golden epaulets (the uniform of his regiment) a small cocked hat, in which was a little national cockade. In his hand he carried a small riding whip. His boots were made in the fashion of English riding boots, which I have before condemned on account of their being destitute of military appearance. The reason why they are preferred by the French officers is on account of the top leather not soiling the knees of the pantaloons when in the act of putting one leg over the other. Bonaparte rode through the lines. His beautiful charger seemed conscious of the glory of his rider, and bore him through the ranks with a commanding and majestic pace. The colours of one of the regiments was stationed close under the window where I had the good fortune to be placed. Here the hero stopped, and saluted them. All this time I was close to him, and had the pleasure of completely gratifying that curiosity of beholding the persons of distinguished men, which is so natural to all of us.

A few minutes after Bonaparte had passed, I saw a procession, the history of which I did not understand at that time, but which fully explained its general purport. About two years since, one of the regiments of artillery revolted in battle. Bonaparte in anger deprived them of their colours and suspended them covered with crape, amongst the captive banners of the enemy, in the Hall of Victory. The regiment, affected by the disgrace, were determined to recover the lost esteem of their general and their country, or perish to the last man. When any desperate enterprize was to be performed, they volunteered their services, and by this magnanimous compunction covered their shame with laurels and became the boast and pride of the republican legions. This day was fixed upon for the restoration of their ensigns. They were marched up under a guard of honor, and presented to the First Consul, who took the black drape from their slaves, tore it in pieces, threw it on the ground, and drove his charger indignantly over it. The regenerated banners were then restored to the regiment, with a short and suitable address. I faintly

heard this laconic speech, but not distinctly enough to offer any criticism upon the eloquence of the speaker.

This exhibition had its intended effect, and displayed the genius of this extraordinary man, who, with unerring acuteness, knows so well to give to every public occurrence that dramatic hue and interest which are so gratifying to the minds of the people over whom he presides. After the ceremony, the several regiments, preceded by their bands of music, marched before him in open order, and dropped their colours as they passed. The flying artillery and the cavalry left the parade in full gallop, and made a terrific noise upon the pavement. Each field piece was drawn by six horses, upon a carriage with large wheels, here the review closed.

Bonaparte returned to the palace, where he held a splendid levee, at which the new Turkish ambassador was introduced.

In the evening I saw Bonaparte and his lady at the opera, where he was received with respect, but without any clamorous acclamation.

Madame Bonaparte appears to be elder than the First Consul. She is an elegant woman, and is said to conduct herself in her high station with becoming dignity and prudence.

AMUSING.

THE SAILOR AND THE MONKIES.

PERHAPS no animal below the human species, resembles man more in the imitative faculty than the monkey. It is said that a sailor, having a number of red woolen caps to dispose of, went ashore in South America to trade with the natives.

In his way to a settlement, lying through a wood very thickly inhabited by monkeys, it being in the heat of the day, he put a cap upon his head, and laying the others by his side, determined to take a little repose under the shade of a large tree.

To his utter astonishment, when he awoke from the specimen, he had given his imitative observers of the use of his caps, he beheld a number of them upon the heads of the monkeys in the trees round about him; while the wearers were chattering in the most unusual manner.

Finding every attempt to regain his caps fruitless, he at length, in a fit of rage and disappointment, and under the supposition that the one he retained on his head was not worth taking away, pulled it off, and throwing it upon the ground, exclaimed, "Here, you little thieving rogues, if you keep the rest you are welcome to this also."

He had no sooner done this, than to his great surprise, the little observing animals very readily imitated him. They all threw down their caps upon the ground; by which means the sailor regained his property, and marched off in triumph. Happy would it

be for mankind, if they resembled monks only in imitating the *virtues* of those whom they consider their superiors, while they avoid their *vices*.

ANECDOTES.

THERE is a curious fact handed down by Lord Bacon, which if it had not the seal of such authority, would be looked upon rather as a fabricated jest, than a true story. His Lordship who was many years a judge, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, relates that a thief being brought to the bar and arraigned for being found on a stolen horse, positively insisted to the Bench that so far from his having stolen the horse. The horse had stolen him. Fellow, said the Judge, how dare you take the liberty of sporting with the Court on such a solemn occasion; and even while your life is in jeopardy to attempt to amuse us with such an absurd expression? The horse steal you indeed!—It is true nevertheless, said he firmly. I was passing through the fields upon my lawful occasions, when I perceived a fierce mastiff dog, which I feared might be mad, pursuing me. I ran to save myself—he was getting close up with me just as a high hedge lay in my way. Being very active, I leaped over it, and accidentally lighted upon the back of a horse, which being frightened, ran away with me so furiously that I could not stop him, until he came to the town where I was taken; and where the owner now lives. The jury did not think the evidence so conclusive against his resolute affirmation of the story, (impossible as it appeared) and so acquitted him—perhaps, says his Lordship, not a little thereto moved by the whimsicalness of the defence set up.

An Oath confirmed by a Bishop.

THE late Bishop Herring, not more remarkable for learning than benevolence, being applied to by a poor Curate for his interest to continue under any new Rector he should appoint, told the man he was so struck with his humility, and affected by his situation, that he should have the living himself.—“Shall I by G—,” said the transported Curate, in the fulness of his heart. “By the living God you shall,” replied the good Bishop.

The Empress of Germany, asked a French officer, if the princess royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful princess in Europe? I thought her so yesterday, answered the polite Frenchman.

A gentleman telling a very strange and improbable story, and observing one of the company cast a doubtless eye—“*Zounds, sir,*” says he, “*I saw the thing happen.*”—“If you did,” says the gentleman, “*I must believe it—but by G—, I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself.*”

VARIETY.

Comparison of the English, Scotch, and Irish resident in London.

THE love of the Englishman though often intense is commonly influenced by some secondary consideration, such as riches, convenience, or the benefit of a respectable connexion. The North Briton loves a *bonnie lassie* dearly, and his affection is not diminished by wealth: while the Hibernian, though often reproached as a fortune-hunter generally loves his mistress for her beauty, and accomplishments.

The *friendship* of the Englishman is cordial and consistent, the Scotchman is also a sincere friend: the friendship of the Irishman though more fervid: is like the blaze of a taper, too often liable to be extinguished by the first gust of his anger.

In *religion*, the Englishman is as systematic as in the regulation of his business; the Scotchman is still more strict in performing the duties of his faith; and the Irishman, who loves God and his neighbor as well as either, is seldom solicitous to appear religious.

In *literature*, as in commerce, the Englishman has a large capital, which he improves to the greatest advantage; the Scotchman, who derives part of his intellectual wealth from others, as it were by inheritance, applies the rich bequest of Homer, Virgil, and other illustrious ancients, to his own use with propriety; but he rather lives on the interest than increases the stock. On the contrary, the Irishman inherits but little from the ancients. His literary wealth consists in the rich but unrefined ore of his own genius, with which he adventures to almost every part of the globe, and is often unsuccessful, though sometimes his bullion is coined into current money.

For solid learning, sound philosophy, and the happiest flight of the epick and the dramatick muse, the English may hazard a competition with any other nation. The Scotch literati, with less claim to originality, successfully pursue the useful researches of divinity, history and criticism; while the Irish, without either the extensive knowledge of the former, or the discriminating sagacity of the latter often excel in genuine wit, ironical humor which commands risibility, and that pathos of sensibility which melts the heart. In support of this assertion England has produced a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakspeare; Scotland can boast of a Blair, a Robertson, and a Beattie; and Ireland, as a proof of her pretensions, can bring forward a Swift, a Goldsmith, and a Sterne.

With respect to *pride*, the Englishman glories in the superiority of his country in wealth, trade, and civilization; and his opinion is confirmed by beholding people from all nations in London. The ambition of the

North Briton is cherished by his learning and the antiquity of his family; and the pride of the Irishman is generally confined to his own endowments, the beauty of his mistress or wife, or the accomplishments of his friend.

Honest industry, says a sensible writer, is sadly out of fashion. Our dashing men of spirit hate slow, creeping ways of acquiring property. They must strike some capital stroke—set fortune, integrity, happiness, every valuable consideration upon one chance, and either become great people, or, in their own language, nothing. This spirit of rash adventure is one of the features of the times, and is derived from that fatal system, which despises the bounds of propriety, and laughs at the dictates of rectitude. *P. Folio.*

I have a friend, who is an ingenious man, a good christian, and a private soldier. I attended him one evening to chapel. The preacher was no Cicero; and I asked him what he thought of his sentences. He replied, “in listening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to halt with criticism.”

The lover of nature sympathizes with every object around him. He mounts on the wings of the lark. He cowers with the raven. He glides along with the clouds, and shares the gloom of the forest.

An article under a late London date, contains an account of the present deplorable condition of the morals of the interior of France: It says—“In the course of the year, four hundred and ninety men, and one hundred and sixty-seven women have committed suicide at Paris; eighty-one men and sixty-nine women have been murdered, of whom fifty-five men and fifty-two women were foreigners, strangers, or have not been owned. Six hundred and forty-four divorces have taken place. One hundred and fifty-five murderers have been executed. Twelve hundred and ten persons have been condemned to the gallies, to the pillory, or to chains; sixteen hundred to hard labor, to longer or shorter imprisonment. Sixty-four have been marked with hot irons. Amongst the criminals executed were seven fathers who had poisoned their children; ten husbands who had murdered their wives; six wives who had poisoned their husbands; and fifteen children who have poisoned or otherwise destroyed their parents.”

According to a list published by the Synod of Russia, there died during the last year, in 32 divisions of the empire, 216 Persons 100 years old, 233 between 101 to 110, 26 between 111 to 119, 9 aged 125, 2 aged 130, and 2550 above 90.

PRINTING, in general, elegantly and promptly executed at this office.

POETRY.

THE OLD MAID.

Parody on REMEO's description of an Apothecary.

I DO remember a precise old maid,
And hereabout she dwells—whom late I noted
In rustling gown, with wan and withered lips,
Demure and formal, dusting-cloth in hand,
Rubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.
Envy had worn her to the very bones;
And in her shining parlour, flow'r pots stood,
Deck'd with geranium and jessamine,
And orange trees, and roses, pinks and lilies,
'Batchelor's buttons,' crisp as she herself,
And lowly passion-flower, the type of love.
Six chairs, two tables, and a looking-glass,
Were burnish'd bright and oft; and round the room,
On wall, in closet, or on mantle-piece,
An old work-basket sal-volatile,
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,
With lamb or lap-dog hanging on her arms,
Novels from Circulating Library,
Law's serious call to unconverted folks,
Love elegies, a bible, and a cat,
Were duly set, for ornament or use,
As spleen prevail'd, or visitors came in.
List'ning, as thro' the house her shrill voice scream'd,
Scolding the servants, to myself I said,
And if a man did wish to gain a wife,
With *show* of courtship, here's an ancient maid,
Whose lips have practis'd long before the glass,
The faint refusal, and the eager yes
Following as quick as echo to the sound.
And this same thought does but forerun my need,
I'll instant seek—some younger maid to wed!
As I remember this should be the house.
Being twilight hour, she's out upon the trot
To barter scandal for a dish of tea.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

*By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. author of the
'Pleasures of Hope.'*

OUR bugles had swag, for the night cloud had lour'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die!
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.
Me thought from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far, had I roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.
I flew to the pleasant field travell'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.
Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home & my weeping friends never to part;
My little one kiss'd me, a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.
Stay! stay with us! thou art weary and worn,
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE ART OF ACTING.

STICK close to art, turn nature out of door,
Rant, rant away, 'till you can rant no more.

[The following stanzas of COWPER are extracted from HAYLEY's life of that poet, and have not heretofore been published with his works. They are written with all that ease, elegance and spirit, which Cowper possessed in a most wonderful degree, in his gay and sprightly hours.] F. Cab.

GRATITUDE.

Addressed to Lady Hesketh.

THIS cap, that so stately appears,
With ribbon bound tassel on high,
Which seems by the crest that it rears,
Ambitious of brushing the sky:
This cap to my cousin I owe,
She gave it and gave me beside,
Wreath'd into an elegant bow
The ribbon with which it is tied.
This wheel-footed studying chair,
Contriv'd both for toil and repose,
Wide-elbow'd, and wadded with hair,
In which I both scribble and doze,
Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,
And rival in lustre of that,
In which, or Astronomy lies,
Fair Cassiopeia sat.
These carpets so soft to the foot,
Caledonia's traffic and pride!
Oh spare them, ye Knights of the Boot!
Escaped from a cross-country ride!
This table and mirror within,
Secure from collision and dust,
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
And periwig nicely adjust.
This moveable structure of shelves,
For its beauty admired and its use,
And charged with octavos and twelves,
The gayest I had to produce,
Where flaming in scarlet and gold,
My poems enchanted I view,
And hope, in due time, to behold,
My Iliad and Odyssey too.

This china, that decks the alcove,
Which here people call a beaufette,
But what the gods call it above,
Has ne'er been reveal'd to us yet:
These curtains that keep the room warm,
Or cool, as the season demands;
Those stoves, that for pattern and form,
Seem the labor of Mulciber's hands.
All these are not half that I owe
To one from our earliest youth,
To me ever ready to show
Benignity, friendship and truth;
For Time, the destroyer, declared,
And foe of our perishing kind,
If even her face he has spared,
Much less could he alter her mind,
Thus compass'd about with the goods
And chattles of leisure and ease,
I indulge my poetical moods
In many such fancies as these;
And fancies I fear they will seem,
Poets' goods are not often so fine;
The poets will swear that I dream,
When I sing of the splendor of mine.

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH *Bet*, 'Since I have thought at all,
I've form'd this stedfast rule;
Let whate'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a fool.'
Says *Jack*, 'Then nothing can, I fear,
From celibacy save you:
For, take my word for it, my dear,
None but a fool will have you.'

[The singularity of the composition of the following song, (which is taken from a play) the quaintness of the termination of the lines, and the ease which is discovered throughout, will gain it a ready perusal by every lover of poetry.]

1

WHEN'ER with haggard eye I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

2

Sweet 'kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

3

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

4

This faded form! this pallid hue;
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many, they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

5

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of the Tu—
—tor, law professor of the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

To Flavia.

SEE, Flavia, see that fluttering thing,
Skim round yon flower, with sportive wing,
Yet ne'er its sweets explore,
While wiser the industrious bee
Extracts the honey from the tree,
And hives the precious store.

So you, with coy, coquetish art,
Play wanton round your lovers heart,
Insensible and free;
Love's balmy blessing would you try,
No longer sport a butterfly,
But imitate the bee.

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